

The
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With from a Thicket rush'd an Indian Maid.

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Sells, &c.

was building he sent some of his marabonts, (ambassadors) to Tremecen, (now a province of Algiers) at that time inhabited by a powerful, insolent sect of Mahometans called *Zeneti*. The design of this embassy was to bring them back to what he called the *true faith*; but the *Zeneti*, despising his offers, assembled at Amasa their capital and murdered the ambassadors, and invaded Joseph's dominions with an army of 50,000 men.

The King hearing of their infamous proceedings, speedily mustered his army, and led it, by long marches, into their country, destroying all with fire and sword; while the *Zeneti*, instead of opposing his progress, retired as fast as possible towards Fez, in hopes of receiving assistance from thence. In this they were miserably deceived: the Fezzens marched out against them in a hostile manner; and coming up with the unhappy *Zeneti*, encumbered with their families and baggage, and ready to expire with hunger and weariness, they cut them all to pieces except a small number, who were mostly drowned in attempting to swim across a river, and some others who, in their flight perished by falling from the adjacent rocks. In the mean time Joseph reduced their country to a mere desert, which was, however, soon peopled by a numerous colony of Fezzens, who settled there under the protection of the reigning Kings. In this war it is computed that near a million of the *Zeneti*, men, women, and children, lost their lives.

The restless and ambitious temper of Joseph did not let him remain long at peace. He quickly declared war against the Fezzens, reduced them to become his tributaries, and extended his conquests all along the Mediterranean. He next attacked some Arabian Cheyks, who had not yet submitted to his jurisdiction; and pursued them with such fury, that neither the Libyan deserts, nor ridges of the most craggy rocks, could shelter them from his arms. He attacked them in such of their retreats, castles, and fortresses, as were, till then, deemed impregnable; and at last subdued them, to the great grief of the other African nations, who were greatly annoyed by the ravages committed by his numerous forces.

Thus was founded the empire of the Morabites ; which, however, was of no long duration ; that race being in the twelfth century driven out by Mohavedin, a Marabout. This race of priests was expelled by Abdulac, governor of Fez ; and he, in the thirteenth century, was stripped of his new conquests, by the Sharifs of *Hafsen*, the descendants of those Arabian princes whom Abu-TeXesien had formerly expelled.

The better to secure their new dominions, the Sharifs divided them into several little kingdoms, or provinces ; and among the rest the present kingdom of Algiers was divided into four, namely, *Tremecen*, *Tenez*, *Algiers proper*, and *Bujeyah*. The four first Monarchs, laid so good a foundation for a lasting balance of power between their little kingdoms, that they continued for some centuries in mutual peace and amity ; but at length the King of Tremecen having ventured to violate some of their articles, Abul-Farez, King of Terez, declared war against him, and obliged him to become his tributary. This King dying soon after, and having divided his kingdom among his three sons, new discords arose ; which Spain taking advantage of, a powerful fleet and army was sent against Barbary, under the Count of Navarre, in 1505. This commander soon made himself master of the important cities of Oran, Bujeyah, and some others ; which so alarmed the Algerines, that they put themselves under the protection of Selim Eutemi, a noble and warlike Arabian prince. He came to their assistance with great numbers of his bravest subjects, bringing with him his wife Zephira, and a son, then about twelve years old. This, however, was not sufficient to prevent the Spaniards from landing a number of forces near Algiers that same year, and obliging that metropolis to become tributary to Spain. Nor could prince Selim hinder them from building a strong fort on a small island opposite to the city, which terrified their Corsairs from sailing either in or out of the harbour.

To this galling yoke the Algerines were obliged to submit, till the year 1516 ; when, hearing of the death of Ferdinand King of Spain, they sent an embassy to *Arach*

Barbarossa, who was at this time no less dreaded for his valour than his surprising success, and was then sent on a cruise with a Squadron of gallies and barks. The purport of the embassy was, that he should come and free them from the Spanish yoke; for which they agreed to pay him a gratuity, answerable to so great a service. Upon this *Barbarossa* immediately dispatched eighteen galleys, and thirty barks, to the assistance of the Algerines; while he himself advanced towards the city with eight hundred Turks, three thousand Jigelites, and two thousand Moorish volunteers. Instead of taking the nearest road to Algiers, he directed his course towards *Sharshel*, where *Hassan* another famed corsair had settled himself. Him he surprised and obliged to surrender; not without a previous promise of friendship; but no sooner had *Barbarossa* got him in his power, than he cut off his head; and obliged all *Hassan's* Turks to follow him in his new expedition.

On *Barbarossa's* approach to Algiers, he was met by prince *Eutemi*, attended by all the people of that metropolis, great and small; who looked for deliverance from this abandoned villain, whom they accounted invincible. He was conducted into the city amidst the acclamations of the people, and lodged in one of the noblest apartments of prince *Eutemi's* palace, where he was treated with the greatest distinction. Elated beyond measure with this kind reception, *Barbarossa* formed a design of becoming King of Algiers; and fearing some opposition from the inhabitants, on account of the excesses he suffered his soldiers to commit, murdered prince *Eutemi*, and caused himself to be proclaimed King, his Turks and Moors crying out as he rode along the streets, "Long live King *Aruch Barbarossa*, the invincible King of Algiers, the *chefe* of God, to deliver the people from the oppression of the Christians, and destruction to all who shall oppose, or refuse to own him as their lawful sovereign." These last threatening words so intimidated the inhabitants, already apprehensive of a general massacre, that he was immediately acknowledged King. The unhappy princess *Zephira*, it is said, poisoned herself, to avoid the brutality of this new King, whom she unsuccessfully endeavoured to stab with a dagger.

Barbarossa was no sooner seated on the throne, than he treated his subjects with such cruelty, that they used to shut up their houses and hide themselves when he appeared in public. In consequence of this, a plot was soon formed against him; but being discovered, he caused twenty of the principal conspirators to be beheaded, their bodies to be buried in a dung hill, and laid a heavy fine on those who survived. This so terrified the Algerines that they never afterwards durst attempt any thing either against Barbarossa or his successors.

In the mean time, the son of Prince Eutemi, having fled to Oran, and put himself under the protection of the Marquis of Gomarez, laid before that Nobleman, a plan for putting the city of Algiers into the hands of the King of Spain. Upon this, young Selim Eutemi was sent to Spain, to lay his plan before Cardinal Ximenes; who, having approved of it, sent a fleet with 10,000 land forces, under the command of *Don Francisco*, or, as others call him *Don Diego De Vera*, to drive out the Turks and restore the young prince. But the fleet was no sooner come within sight of land, than it was dispersed by a storm, and the greatest part of the ships dashed against the rocks. Most of the Spaniards were drowned; and the few who escaped to shore, were either killed by the Turks or made slaves.

Though Barbarossa had nothing to boast on this occasion, his pride and insolence were now swelled to such a degree, that he imagined himself invincible, and that the very elements conspired to make him so. The Arabians were so much alarmed at his success, that they implored the assistance of Hamidel Abdes, King of Tenez, to drive the Turks out of Algiers. That prince readily undertook to do what was in his power for this purpose, provided they agreed to settle the kingdom on himself and his descendants. This proposal being accepted, he immediately set out at the head of 10,000 Moors; and, upon his entering the Algerine dominions, was joined by all the Arabians in the country. Barbarossa engaged him, only with 1000 Turkish musqueteers and 500 Granada Moors; totally defeated his numerous army; pursued him to the very gates of his Capital, which he easily made himself master of; and, hav-

ing given it up to be plundered by his Turks, obliged the inhabitants to acknowledge him as their sovereign. This victory, however, was chiefly owing to the advantage which his troops had from their fire-arms; the enemy having no other weapons than arrows and javelins.

No sooner was Barbarossa become master of the Kingdom of Tenez, than he received an embassy from the inhabitants of Tremecen; inviting him to come to their assistance against their then reigning prince, with whom they were dissatisfied on account of his having dethroned his nephew, and forced him to fly to Oran: offering him even the sovereignty, in case he accepted of their proposal. The King of Tremecen, not suspecting the treachery of the subjects, met the tyrant with an army of 6,000 horse and 3,000 foot; but Barbarossa's artillery gave him such an advantage, that the King was forced to retire into the capital, which he had no sooner entered, than his head was cut off, and sent to Barbarossa, with a fresh invitation to come and take possession of the kingdom. On his approach he was met by the inhabitants, whom he received with great complaisance, and many fair promises; but beginning to tyrannize as usual, his new subjects soon convinced him that they were not so passive as the inhabitants of Algiers. Apprehending, therefore, that his reign might prove uneasy and precarious, he entered into an alliance with the King of Fez, after which, he took care to secure the rest of the cities in his new kingdom, by garrisoning them with his own troops. Some of these, however, revolted soon after; upon which he sent one of his corsairs, named *Escander*, a man no less cruel than himself, to reduce them. The Tremecenians now began to repent in good earnest, of their having envited such a tyrant to their assistance; and held consultations on the most proper means of driving him away, and bringing back their lawful prince, *Abuchen Men*; but their cabals being discovered, a great number of the conspirators were massacred in the most cruel manner. The prince had the good luck to escape to Oran, and was taken under the protection of the Marquis of Gomarez, who sent immediate advice of it to Charles V. then lately arrived in Spain, with a powerful fleet and army. That

monarch immediately ordered the young King a succour of 10,000 men, under the command of the governor of Oran, who, under the guidance of Abuchen Men, began his march towards Tremecen; and in their way they were joined by prince Selim, with a great number of Arabs and Moors, the first thing they resolved upon was to attack the important fortrefs of *Calau*, situated between Tremecen and Algiers, and commanded by the Corsair Escander, at the head of about 300 Turks. They invested it closely on all sides, in hopes Barbarossa would come out of Tremecen to its relief, which would give the Tremeceneans an opportunity of keeping him out. That tyrant, however, kept close in his capital, being embarrassed by his fears of a revolt, and the politic delays of the King of Fez, who had not sent the auxillaries he promised. The garrison of *Calau* in the mean time made a brave defence; and in a fally they made at night, cut off near 300 Spaniards. This encouraged them to venture a second time; but they were now repulsed with great loss, and Escander himself wounded: soon after which they surrendered upon honourable terms; but were all massacred by the Arabians, except sixteen, who clung close to the stirrups of the King and the Spanish General.

Barbarossa being now informed that Abuchen Men, with his Arabs, accompanied by the Spaniards, were in full march to lay siege to Tremecen, thought proper to come out, at the head of 15,000 Turks, and 5,000 Moorish horse in order to break his way through the enemy; but he had not proceeded far from the city, before his council advised him to return and fortify himself in it. This advice was now too late; the inhabitants being resolved to keep him out, and open their gates to their own lawful prince, as soon as he appeared; in this distress Barbarossa saw no way left but to retire to the citadel, and there defend himself till he could find an opportunity of stealing out with his men, and all his treasure. Here he defended himself vigorously, but his provisions failing him, he took advantage of a subterraneous back way which he had caused to be digged up for that purpose, and taking his immense treasure with him,

Bole away as secretly as he could. His flight, however, was soon discovered; and he was so closely pursued, that to amuse, as he hoped, the enemy, he caused a great deal of his money, plate, jewels, &c. to be scattered all the way, thinking they would not fail to stop their pursuit to gather it up. This stratagem, however, failed, through the vigilance of the Spanish commander, who, being himself at the head of the pursuers, obliged them to march on, till he was come up close to him on the banks of the *Huenda*, about eight leagues from Tremecen. Barbarossa had just crossed the river with his van guard, when the Spaniards came up with his rear on the other side, and cut them all off; and then crossing the water, overtook him at a small distance from it. Here a bloody engagement ensued, in which the Turks fought like as many lions; but being at length overpowered by numbers, they were all cut to pieces, and Barbarossa among the rest, in the forty-fourth year of his age, and four years after he had raised himself to the royal title of *Jigel*, and the adjacent country; two years after he had acquired the sovereignty of Algiers, and scarce a twelve month after the reduction of Tremecen. His head was carried to Tremecen on the point of a spear; and Abuchen Men proclaimed King, to the joy of all the inhabitants. A few days after the fight, the King of Fez made his appearance at the head of 20,000 horse, near the field of battle; but hearing of Barbarossa's defeat and death, marched off with all possible speed, to avoid being attacked by the enemy.

The news of Barbarossa's death spread the utmost consternation among the Turks at Algiers; however they caused his brother Hayradin to be proclaimed King. The Spanish commander now sent back the Emperor's forces, without making any attempt upon Algiers; by which he lost the opportunity of driving the Turks out of that country; while Hayradin justly dreading the consequences of the tyranny of his officers, sought the protection of the Grand Signior. This was readily granted, and himself appointed *Bashaw*, or Viceroy of Algiers; by which means he received such considerable reinforcements, that the unhappy Algerines durst not make the least complaint; and such num-

bers of Turks resorted to him, that he was not only capable of keeping the Moors and Arabs in subjection at home, but of annoying the Christians at sea. His first step was to take the Spanish fort abovementioned, which was a great nuisance to his metropolis. The Spaniards held out to the last extremity; but being all slain or wounded, Hayradin easily became master of the place.

[To be continued.]



MEMOIRS OF THE LATE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

FROM the LADY'S POCKET MAGAZINE,

Printed in London, August 1795.

THE unfortunate Maria Antoinetta, illustrious consort of the equally unfortunate Louis XVI. King of France, was sister to the late Emperor of Germany. They were married while Louis was Dauphin; and, on their accession to the throne, were idolized by the people, for that mild condescension of manners, which induced them to forego much of the etiquette of royalty, and mingle familiarly with their subjects. The Queen, in particular, a beautiful young woman, the pride of the house of Austria, launched too precipitately into the vortex of pleasure; consulting less the dignity of her exalted situation, than the vain gratification of a perpetual thirst after gaiety, and those frivolous amusements which, in time, enervate the noblest hearts, and sap the foundations of the sternest virtue. A momentous lesson, this, to the sovereigns of Europe! who might expect similar effects to result from similar causes; and a no less salutary caution to the subordinate ranks of society, who are not likely to escape unhurt, by the inordinate desire of seeking a meretricious felicity, in those flowery paths of pleasure where lurk the concealed serpents, whose deadly fangs have so un pityingly lacerated royalty.

How far this ill-fated Queen was led to transgress the bounds of decorum, we have no materials on which we can

rely, that enable us to judge. The fabrications of the many gross calumnies published against her character by the most depraved of the human species, bear internal evidence of the villainess and atrocity of their authors; whose detestable minds are capable of the most diabolical suggestions, and who are therefore not entitled to the smallest degree of credibility. In the relaxed morals of the court of France, and the feminine degeneracy and dissipation of the whole nation, we have probably the true causes of all the misery with which that devoted country has been overwhelmed.

The Queen certainly degraded herself by emulating opera performers; and by suffering those to become her companions who were of reproachable characters. It is sufficient for virtue, if she pities, but she ought never to countenance vice. It is probable, however, that a mere excess of good-nature impelled the Queen to associate with those whom she found it necessary to consult respecting her favourite fetes and other trivial amusements. She sought to secure happiness for herself; she sought to diffuse it among the people: but, unhappily, she sought it not, solely, in that tranquil and retired path of domestick virtue, where all that is to be met with on earth can alone be found; in the pure affection of a beloved husband, and in the chaste endearments of a lovely and innocent offspring, training up to piety and virtue. This seems to have been the grand error of her life. She loved her husband, and she loved her children: but sought not, in their society alone, her chief happiness.

There are various well-authenticated anecdotes of the Queen's feeling and humanity; of the many gross and indelicate charges against her; there seems no one positive proof. On her true character, therefore, the page of the future historian must decide; when prejudices shall have been mowed down by the scythe of time; and when even the friendly pity for her sufferings, which must long fill every virtuous bosom, and render humid every eye, at the shocking recital, shall sufficiently subside, to yield Truth the power of giving the sad tale faithfully to posterity. In the mean time, we make no scruple to assert, that the charges under which both herself and her august consort were

condemned to the ignominious death they so shamefully suffered, constituted the vilest mockery of justice that ever was exhibited among a people pretending to the smallest degree of civilization : and, that nothing against her morals was exhibited, on her trial, except the impracticable story respecting her infant son, a child scarcely eight years of age, and which no human being ever believed, is a most powerful argument in favour of the Queen's actual virtue.

After suffering a long and cruel imprisonment ; having seen a beloved husband led to the scaffold ; been deprived of the sole remaining consolation by a brutal separation from her children, and insulted by the solemn mockery of a public trial ; she was beheaded, at Paris, on Wednesday the sixteenth of October 1793, being in her 38th year. The corpse of the ill-fated Queen was immediately buried in a grave filled with quick-lime, in the church-yard called *De la Madeleine*, where her unfortunate consort, Louis XVI. had been before deposited and consumed in the same manner.

The Princess Maria Theresa Charlotta, their eldest child, born the 19th of December 1778, still languishes in prison, at Paris ; without having had the consolation to see, even for a moment, her dying brother, the late Dauphin, who was born March 27, 1785, and laid down his miserable life, generally supposed to have been shortened by poison, and certainly by sufferings too great for his tender years, on the 18th of June 1795.

BIOGRAPHIANA ;

OR, ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS ;

[FROM THE LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE.]

La FONTAINE.

AMONGST the whole human race, there does not appear to have been a person so innocent and so *distant* as this incomparable writer was. He does not appear to have had

common sense, except when he was writing. His confessor, on his death-bed, found him so exceedingly ignorant of what all men are concerned to know, that he almost menaced him with perdition. The old nurse, however, who heard this denunciation, said, "*Dieu assurement n'aura pas la cœur de le damner.*"—"Sure God has not the heart to damn him." His serious poems are very little looked into now, and there is one of them pretty considerable, in the book by the French called *Quinquira*, addressed to the *Duchess of Hamilton*, Cardinal *Mazarine's* niece.

Sir JOHN TABER, *Knt.*

WAS an apothecary's apprentice at Cambridge, and was taught by Ray, the naturalist, the method of administering that divine remedy the bark. He was sent for to Paris by Louis XIV. to give it to his son the Grand Dauphin, who had long been ill of an *ague*. The French physicians did not, however, chuse to permit Taber to prescribe for their royal patient, till he had given them a regular and philosophical description of an *ague*. "An *ague*, gentlemen," said he, "is a disorder that I *can* cure and you *cannot*." Louis ordered him to administer his remedy to his son, who immediately recovered. Louis gave Taber two thousand louis d'ors, and our Charles the Second created him a knight. The derivation of the word *ague* has puzzled many persons. It comes from the Saxon word *agin*, to tremble; in that language, *agis* is fear.

PATRU.

OUR anecdote-mongers are apt to attend very much to what passes in the last moments of the lives of those persons of whom they collect the incidents and *bon mots*. What Patru, the celebrated French lawyer, said at that awful period, should in some degree repress their ardour

in that respect. Patru was supposed throughout life to have been a Sceptic. Bossuet, the bishop of Meaux, (le grand Convertisseur) as he was sometimes called, waited upon him in his last illness, and told him, that as the world had in general taken him for an Esprit fort, it might be, perhaps, right for him to undeceive the world, by making his confession of faith, and by saying something that might edify them, whom he, perhaps, had before scandalized. "Alas, my lord," replied he, "it is much better that I should say nothing. In my situation, in general, no one speaks but from weakness or vanity." "Il est plus a propos, monseigneur, que je me taise. On ne parle dans ces moments ordinairement que par foiblesse ou par vanite."

MARGARET of Valois,

FIRST wife of Henry the Fourth, of France. This beautiful princess, with as much wit and learning as Margaret de Navarre, had less conduct; for when her brother, Charles the Ninth, gave her in marriage to Henry, he jokingly said, "*J'ai donne ma sœur en mariage a tous les Huguenots de moi Royaume.*"—She was at Paris on the accursed day of St. Bartholomew, and saved a poor Huguenot officer from being murdered, who had fled for refuge into her bed-chamber. Of this she gives a very particular account in the memoirs which she wrote of her life, and which unluckily she never finished. The style of her memoirs is that *vieux Goulois*, that old French, that we admire so much in Amyot, the celebrated translator of Plutarch. She appears to have studied Amyot's style with great attention. She lived upon ill terms with Henry, and was confined by him for a long time, in one of the fortresses of Navarre. She thus exactly describes the effects of calamity and solitude upon her mind: "I received," says she, "these two good fruits from my misfortunes and my confinement; the one, that I got a taste for study; the other, that I gave into devotion: two things for which I should never have had the least taste, had I continued amongst the pomps and va-

nties of the world. For these, perhaps, I am not so much to thank fortune as providence, that was kind enough to procure for me such an excellent remedy, against the evils that were to happen to me in future. Sorrow," adds she, "contrary to gaiety, (which carries out of us our thoughts and our actions) makes the mind rally within itself and exert its whole powers to reject the evil and to seek after the good, in hopes to find out that sovereign and supreme good, which is the readiest way to bring itself to the knowledge and love of the Deity."

BERTAUD.

HOW many persons in the world may say with this elegant writer,

Felicité passée

Que ne peut revinir

Tourment de ma pensée

Que n'ai je en te perdant, perdu le souvenir.

Ah! pleasure past, that never can return,

O how thou still torments my aching brain!

Into oblivion quick, O quick return,

And let not memory increase the pain.

Cardinal RICHELIEU,

ON receiving the present of a book from Le Jay, he wrote in it, "Accepi, legi, probavi. Card. Richellius." A favourite maxim of this great man was, that, in general, an unfortunate and an imprudent person were synonymous terms; this will be true nineteen times out of twenty. Whoever will have the honesty to descend into his own breast, and scrutinize himself fairly, will in general find, that most of his own misfortunes have been owing to his folly, his rashness, his conceit, or his neglect of taking proper measures, that his own consideration, or the advice of others, might have suggested to him.

MAXIMILIAN.

THIS emperor, who was called *Poco Desare*, from his being ever in want of mercy, used to say, that he entertained that high opinion of the power and resources of France, even in his time, under Louis XII. that were he the Deity, he would make his eldest son the Deity, and give to his second son the kingdom of France. Frederic the Second, of Prussia, used to say, that the height of his ambition would be to have a kingdom like that of France, in extent and variety of territory, in situation and climate, in soil and in population, to govern. How wonderful indeed, even in their present state of tumult and distraction, do their powers of resource appear.

 Madame DACIER,

WAS desired by a German prince to write a sentence in his Album, as a memorial of the visit that he had paid to a woman of her great learning. She modestly wrote in it, from Euripides,

"Silence is the greatest ornament of a woman."

 S C R A P I A N A.

THAT eloquent prelate, Jeremy Taylor, in speaking of marriage, breaks out with this rapturous description of it, not inferior to the celebrated apostrophe of J. J. Rousseau, "Femme, femme!"—"Mental love is a thing as pure as light, sacred as a temple, lasting as the world. That love that can cease, as said an ancient, was never true. Mental love contains in it all sweetness, all society, all felicity, all prudence, and all wisdom. It is an union of all things excellent; it contains proportion, satisfaction, rest, and confidence. The eyes of a wife are then," says this elegant

and learned writer, "fair as the light of heaven; a man may then ease his cares, and lay down his sorrows upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and of chaste refreshment."—This passage reminds one of an anecdote that is told of Peter the Great, czar of Russia. He was a man of a most savage and ferocious temper; and when he became angry, his eyes flashed fire, and his whole frame was convulsed: yet no sooner did his lovely empress Catharine appear, than he used to throw himself at her feet, and lay his head in her lap. Under the pressure of her soft and beautiful hands, the throbbing of his temples ceased, and he immediately became calm and composed.

Man, says Pascal, is neither an angel or a beast; and the misfortune is, that he that pretends to be the angel, must be always the beast.

Astrologers and alchymists have certain principles, says Pascal, but they abuse them. The abuse of truth, adds he, ought in justice to be as severely punished, as the admission of a falsehood.

Adversity has the same effects upon different minds, that water has upon different bodies; some it hardens, others it softens.

Who can suppose man naturally virtuous, when in every country in the universe there are laws and religion to restrain his actions, and to amend his disposition.

We are all slaves to the law that we may become free, says Tully. Indeed where there is no law, there can be no liberty. That licence which every one would arrogate to himself, would very soon destroy itself. Men, according to Goldsmith, are but too apt

"To call it freedom, when themselves are free."

That is, mankind naturally like to do as they please themselves, and to debar all other persons from that privilege.

The very desire of a good name is virtue, says Gracion. Cato the Cenfor used to say, that no one would be virtuous, if glory was separated from virtue. So Juvenal,

—Quis virtutem amplectitur ipsam

Præmia si tollos.

Propriety is the test of excellence, even in virtue itself.

The Spanish proverb says, "Be upon your guard against that man who does but one thing." That is, he must know it so superiorly well, that if you have any concern with him, respecting it, he is likely to be far above your match.

Another Spanish proverb against cunning is very excellent. "That man is a fool who does not consider, that whilst he is thinking, a thousand other persons are thinking too."

How very little is to be decided respecting the characters of men from the last moments of their lives. Many pious and good persons have left the world in agonies and terrors, whilst many vicious and dissolute men have died with great calmness. Pericles, of Athens, of all men perhaps the least superstitious, and who, during a long and active life, had ever appeared to be master of himself, on his death-bed shewed a friend a charm that had been put upon his breast. "See," said he, "to what I have come; the women have made me do this." Patru was desired by the great Bossuet, on his death-bed, to undeceive the world, respecting some free opinions he was supposed to have entertained. "Ah, monseigneur," replied he, "dans les derniers moments, on parle le plus souvent par foiblesse ou par vanité."

In most disputes, do we not first take the *sic*, and afterwards *fit* the arguments to it?

Vain persons had much rather go wrong their own way, than go right in that of another person.

Vanity is not often cured by frequency of disappointment. It seems almost like Anteus, to rise from the blows it receives. Its disappointment seems like medicines in

certain constitutions, they exacerbate the disease which they ought to cure.

A man says Montesquieu, with infinite discernment, is never to be totally given up till he keeps bad company. A man may occasionally be guilty of a vice or a folly, and there is an end; it does not seem to penetrate his soul, or sink into his bosom; it is transitory, not habitual.

Cardinal Imperiali used to say, that Fortune called upon every man once in his life; but if she did not then find him at home, she never afterwards repeated her visit.

"What a hard thing it is," says some Frenchmen, "that one may not say to a tiresome man in conversation, You fatigue me." Were that but permitted, an end would be soon put to great and impertinent talkers. Dorat used to say to any man who forewarned him, that he would tell him a story; "Upon my honour, Sir, but you shall not;" and run out of the room.

A very thin and feeble man, but an incessant talker, once consulted the present illustrious father of physic in England, and wished to know what was the cause of his complaint. "My good friend, you appear to me to talk too much," was the reply.

Great talkers are in general very small thinkers. They talk very often, if one may so express it, to assure us that they have nothing to say.

Hesiod, the ancient Greek poet, has thus classed mankind into those that are wise enough to think for themselves, into those that are prudent enough to let other persons think for them, and into those whom he calls useless persons, who are neither wise enough to think for themselves, nor prudent enough to let others think for them. May not the sentiment be thus described?

He, 'mongst his fellows, has the highest place,
The pride and honour of the human race,

Who in his own great comprehensive mind,
 Can ev'ry source of bright instruction find,
 Knows all the past, and can with eagle eye
 Pierce the recesses of futurity;
 Nor whilst such objects own his mental pow'r,
 Neglects the business of the present hour.
 The next is he, who blest with modest sense,
 To no superior talents makes pretence;
 Can see what men his veneration claim,
 And lights his torch from their more vivid flame;
 Their counsel takes, their minds, to his combines,
 And modest by reflected lustre shines.
 The next a sad and useless race on earth,
 To nought or good or glorious giving birth;
 Who ignorantly or perversely wrong,
 Deaf to each eloquence of pen or tongue,
 The bard's high rapture eyes with cold disdain,
 And hears the sage his wisdom pour in vain:
 History for them unheeded opes the page,
 Fraught with the experience of many an age;
 And Disappointment's self but idly tries
 To clear the film from their disorder'd eyes.

Xenophon, in speaking of the language of Athens, reminds one very much of that of England, as he says, the Athenians hear every kind of language spoken amongst them. They have adopted an expression from one or the other of them, as they have thought fit; and whilst the rest of the Grecians preserve scrupulously their particular idiom, manners, and customs, the Athenians have made a happy mixture of what they have found most perfect amongst the barbarians, as well as amongst their own countrymen.

Buffy de Rabutine says very comically of love attachments in persons of a certain age, that love is like the small-pox; the later you have it in life, in general, the more violent and dangerous it is. Ovid says prettily,

Turpe senex miles. Turpe senilis amor.

Grey hairs but ill become the soldier's arms,
 Nor with more credit yield to beauty's charms.

MISCELLANY.

OF THE STATE OF THE FINE ARTS AT ATHENS.

BY MR. DE PAUW.

I. *Painting; and the Venus of Cos, and of Gnidus.*

AMONG the Greeks, the genius of one man has often effected more than all the efforts of the multitude; and as Homer was the father of epic poetry, so did historical painting originate with Polygnotus. This art had hitherto produced nothing capable of pleasing the eye, but with him it began to acquire the magical power of speaking even to the heart.

Polygnotus, as an original artist, deserves more consideration than all those who have followed his footsteps; and we shall, therefore, endeavour to point out his many excellencies, as well as faults, of which likewise he had no small share. Yet the force of his imagination stamped painting with a kind of national character; and his manner was perpetuated among the principal schools of Greece, in the same way that all the compositions of versifiers partook more or less of the style and colouring of Homer.

This great master, born in the island of Thasos, about five hundred years before our æra, was at first uncertain as to his destiny, and did not know whether nature had intended him for a poet or a painter. He began, therefore, by studying not only the Iliad and Odyssey, but likewise all the epic poems then extant, such as the Minyad, the Illustrious Woman, the Return from Hell, and many others, where sufficient mythological subjects were found, to adorn all the temples and porticos of Europe and Asia. It was then Polygnotus, sensible of his vocation, undertook to give bodies and colours to the ideas of the poets. The taking of Troy was the favourite scene he represented at Athens, Delphi, and most probable in many other parts of Greece.

That event, for ever memorable, contained so many interesting circumstances, and such terrible situations, that it

seems almost impossible to combine or unite them. But no obstacles could check the enthusiasm of this artist, who sometimes introduced more than eighty figures into one picture, and raised himself as if by magic, to such lofty ideas and sublime conceptions, that they fill the mind with astonishment. An action, unfortunately but too frequent at that time in all towns taken by assault, afforded him the most difficult task that ever presented itself to the imagination of man. He dared to paint Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, at the moment she had been violated by Ajax in the temple of Minerva: a veil partly covered the face of this unfortunate captive; but the blush of confusion was visible on her front, and she discovered all the symptoms of modesty, insulted by a monster who has been called a hero.

The Athenians were charmed with this picture above every thing, and they could not sufficiently admire the happy conception and judgment displayed in surmounting so many difficulties; but one circumstance more than the rest fixed their attention. Under the fictitious name of Laodice, he had introduced a very beautiful female figure, totally unconnected either with the siege of Troy, or any historical events relative to his subject: and this was called by the Greek artists a *Parergon*, or digression. As the Athenians had great penetration, they soon discovered in this stranger the famous Elpinice, daughter of Miltiades, and the beloved sister of Cimon, who had brought Polygnotus to Athens, after having conquered the island of Thasos, in the year four hundred and sixty-three before our era.

When the mystery became known, the moralists of Athens decided that Elpinice had exceeded the limits of modesty, by exposing herself to the eyes of the painter as a model, most probably; for all the female figures of the piece; and even for that of Cassandra, although, indeed, it did not appear that she had been ravished. But, previous to this censure, they should have considered, that from the great scarcity of fine forms in Greece, the painters could seldom find any sufficiently perfect for their purpose.

We are informed by Cicero, that in the town of Crotona, which, according to some historians, contained upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants, Zeuxis could not find any woman at all qualified to be the model for a picture of Helen, intended to be placed in the temple of Juno, on the promontory of Lacinium. He had therefore no other resource than to copy the individual beauties of five different virgins, in order to form his ideal figure; and this production, when completed, was far from answering the great expectations it had raised. The Helen of Zeuxis, although admired by some artists, never attracted the multitude; but the Cassandra of Polygnotus preserved the greatest reputation even in the days of Lucian.

The difficulty of finding beautiful objects among the women of Greece, must have been very great indeed, when Praxiteles and Apelles were obliged to have recourse to the same person for the charms of the Venus of Gnidus, executed in white marble, and the Venus of Cos, drawn in colours. It is asserted by Athenæus, who was much better informed on this point than Pliny the naturalist, that both these famous productions, the picture, as well as the statue, were copied after the courtesan Phryne, who, born at Thespia in Bæotia, had exercised her empire at Athens. After having studied several attitudes, she fancied to have discovered one more favourable than the rest for displaying all her bodily perfections. Both painter and sculptor were obliged to adopt her favourite posture, while she tyrannized over the eyes of the one, and the soul of the other.

From this cause, the Venus of Gnidus, and the Venus of Cos, were so perfectly alike, that it was impossible to remark any difference in their features, contour, or more particularly in their attitude. Both represented Phryne coming out of the sea, on the beach of Sciron, where she was wont to bathe in the Saronic gulf, between Athens and Eleusis. But the painting of Apelles was far from exciting so much enthusiasm among the Greeks as the sculpture of Praxiteles. They fancied the marble moved; that it seemed to speak; and their illusion, says Lucian, was so great, that they ended by applying their lips to those of the goddess. Anthology, likewise, contained a far greater

number of verses in honour of the Venus of Gnidus, than were ever produced by the admirers of the Venus of Cos.

Since that period, the triumph of sculpture over painting has been decided: and it is not difficult to prove by physical reasons, that the one of these arts must be superior to the other, when the artists, as in the present case, are equal in talents and genius.

It is, however, but just to observe, that the gentle bending of the body, and charming inflexion of the arms, assumed by Phryne, afforded the greatest advantages to the sculptor, and were altogether unfavourable for the painter, who was thus subjected to the imperious will of a model, too animated for his pencil.

To form a more extensive idea of the manner of Polygnotus, it is necessary to return to that portico called the Porcile, which contained examples of the astonishing boldness of his composition.

Next to the taking of Troy was seen the battle of Marathon, where he allowed himself more licence than ever Pindar ventured to exercise in a lyric poem. Minerva and Hercules were made to descend from heaven; the small town of Marathon was personified in the form of a genius; and the first Anachronism took place there that ever appeared in painting. Theseus, drawn from the shades of death, had to witness a combat some centuries after his decease.

This was exactly the same thing, as representing Clovis at the battle of Fontenoi, or Charlemain at the siege of Gibraltar; and he rendered the licence more conspicuous by marking on the picture the names of the different figures in capital letters. Miltiades and his colleagues, however, were not distinguished in that manner, because it must have rendered them too illustrious not to excite the jealousy of the Athenian citizens, who had fought with as much bravery as the chiefs of the army.

The introduction of written characters to indicate great personages, demonstrates clearly, that Polygnotus, without any idea whatever of perspective, had ranged his figures in winding lines from the bottom of the picture to the very top of the sky. This must always have been the case, when a group contained forty or fifty personages; for the Greeks

knew nothing of any other position, as appears by that famous bas-relief, commonly called the Apotheosis of Homer, where the figures of the first rank have their names also inserted, and are placed exactly on the same plan with those of Polygnotus.

From this it follows, of course, that the Greek painters always appeared to greatest advantage in representing some single object, unconnected with any of the rules of perspective. The pictures most generally admired by the vulgar, as well as by enlightened judges, like the Jalyces of Protogenes, the Venus of Apelles, and the Glycera of Pausias, were all of this description.

It is astonishing that the moderns should have lost so much time in conjectures, and obstinate disputes concerning the knowledge of the ancients in perspective: when the Greeks themselves have acknowledged their deficiency in that point. No artist of those days ever attempted to paint a landscape, or if he did make the essay, we require no other proof of its being unsuccessful, than, that his name is forgotten.

In reading a description of mount Hymettus, we are struck with the admirable points of view in different parts of Attica and Peloponnesus; but the citadel of Corinth excelled all others for extent of prospect, variety of objects, and successive deepenings even to the very foot of mount Parnassus. Although a country like this, abounding in picturesque scenes, enriched with monuments of architecture, and ornamented with sacred groves, fountains, and cascades, seemed calculated to invite the pencil, yet no artist there ever attached himself to landscape. The language of the Greeks had no word to express that species of painting; for the term chorography belonging solely to the science of geographers. Neither did their technical Dictionary contain any thing analogous to sea-pieces founded on aerial perspective, of which they were likewise ignorant, as appears by all the monuments of Herculaneum. To authorities of this nature it would be absurd to oppose the assertions of such a writer as Philostratus, whose book called the Images, is the production of a sophist entirely ignorant of the elements of painting.

We are informed by the ancients themselves that their optics consisted of three parts; the first taught architects how to distribute the entrances and windows of a building to greatest advantage: the second respected mirrors; and the third, called scenography, belonged chiefly to theatrical decorations. The great art of the latter consisted in arranging the ornaments so as to prevent one illusion from injuring another.

Linear perspective, as practised by painters, we may be assured was not contained in the elements of ancient optics: otherwise the productions found in Herculaneum would not have trespassed so grossly against all the rules of art, both in the points where the lines should terminate, and in the aspect of objects. They were often represented as seen from below, when, according to their position, the real view was from above.

[To be continued.]

ETHELGAR.

A SAXON STORY.

TIS not for thee, O man! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings shine on the rising waves, and the black clouds sit on the brow of the lofty hill; who then protects the flying deer, swift as a fable cloud, tost by the whistling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood, whilst the lightnings shine on his chest, and the wind rides over his horns? When the wolf roars, terrible as the voice of the Severn, moving majestic as the nodding forests on the brow of Michel-flow; who then commands the sheep to follow the swain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning? Know, O man! that God suffers not the least member of his work to perish, without answering the purpose of their creation. The evils of life, with some, are blessings; and the plant of death healeth the wound of the sword. Doth the sea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy soul? look

unto the Lord; thou shalt stand firm in the days of temptation, as the lofty hill of Kinwulf; in vain shall the waves beat against thee, thy rock shall stand.

Comely as the white rocks, bright as the star of the evening, tall as the oak upon the brow of the mountain, soft as the showers of dew that fall upon the flowers of the field, Ethelgar arose, the glory of Exanceastre*. Noble were his ancestors, as the palace of the great Kenrick. His soul with the lark; every morning ascended the skies, and sported in the clouds. When stealing down the steep mountain, wrapt in a shower of spangling dew, evening came creeping to the plain; closing the flowers of the day, shaking her pearly showers upon the rustling trees; then was his voice heard in the grove, as the voice of the nightingale upon the hawthorn-spray. He sung the works of the Lord; the hollow rocks joined in his devotions, the stars danced to his song. The rolling years, in various mantles drest, confess him man. He saw Egwina of the Vale; his soul was astonished, as the Britons who fled before the sword of Kenrick. She was tall as the towering elm, stately as a black cloud bursting into thunder; fair as the wrought bowels of the earth; gentle, and sweet, as the morning breeze; beauteous, as the sun; blushing, like the vines of the west; her soul, as fair as the azure curtain of heaven. She saw Ethelgar; her soft soul melted, as the flying snow before the sun. The shrine of St. Cuthbert united them; the minutes fled on the golden wings of bliss. Nine horned moons had decked the sky, when Ælgar saw the light. He was like a young plant upon the mountain's side, or the sun hid in a cloud: he felt the strength of his fire; and swift as the lightnings of heaven, pursued the wild boar of the wood. The morn awoke the sun; who stepping from the mountain's brow, shook his ruddy locks upon the shining dew: Ælgar arose from sleep; he seized his sword and spear, and issued to the chase. As waters swiftly falling down a craggy rock, so raged young Ælgar through the wood; the wild boar bit his spear, and the fox died at his feet. From the thicket a

* Exeter.

wolf arose, his eyes flaming like two stars. He roared like the voice of a tempest: hunger made him furious; and he fled, like a falling meteor, to the war. Like a thunder-bolt tearing a black rock, Ælgar darted his spear through his heart. The wolf raged like the voice of many waters; and seizing Ælgar by the throat, he sought the regions of the blessed!—The wolf died upon his body.—Ethelgar and Egwina wept—they wept like the rains of the spring: sorrow sat upon them as the black clouds upon the mountains of death; but the power of God settled their hearts.

The golden sun rose to the highest of his power; the apple perfumed the gale; and the juicy grape delighted the eye. Ethelgar and Egwina bent their way to the mountain's side, like two stars that move through the sky. The flowers grew beneath their feet; the trees spread out their leaves; the sun played upon the rolling brook; the winds gently passed along. Dark, pitchy clouds, veiled the face of the sun; the winds roared like the noise of a battle; the swift hail descended to the ground; the lightnings broke from the sable clouds, and gilded the dark-brown corners of the sky; the thunder shook the lofty mountains; the tall towers nodded to their foundations; the bending oaks divided the whistling wind; the broken flowers fled in confusion round the mountain's side. Ethelgar and Egwina fought the sacred shade; the bleak winds roared over their heads, and the waters ran over their feet. Swift from the dark cloud the lightning came; the skies blushed at the sight. Egwina stood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the spring; the lightnings danced about her garments, and the blasting flame blackened her face. The shades of death swam before her eyes; and she fell breathless down the black steep rock; the sea received her body, and she rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar stood terrible as the mountain of Mairdip. The waves of despair harrowed up his soul, as the roaring Severn plows the sable sand: wild as the evening wolf, his eyes shone like the red vapours in the valley of the dead; horror sat upon his brow. Like a bright star shooting through the sky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill; like a tall oak, breaking from the roaring wind. Se-

Cuthbert appeared in the air. The black clouds fled from the sky; the sun gilded the spangled meadows; the lofty pine stood still; the violets of the vale gently moved to the soft voice of the wind; the sun shone on the bubbling brook. The saint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal: as the soft dew of the morning hangs upon the lofty elm, he bore him to the sandy beach, whilst the sea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning folding up the black mantle of the night.—‘Know, O man!’ said the member of the blessed, ‘to submit to the will of God! He is terrible, as the face of the earth, when the waters sunk to their habitations; gentle, as the sacred covering of the oak; secret, as the bottom of the great deep; just, as the rays of the morning. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine at the stroke of the Almighty; for God is as just as he is great.’ The holy vision disappeared, as the atoms fly before the sun. Ethelgar arose, and bent his way to the college of Kenewalçin; there he flourishes, as a hoary oak in the wood of Arden.

CHATTERTON.

 R O S A.

—“**W**HAT afflicts you, my good man,” said I.—Alas! Sir, have you seen my child?—The person who thus answered me, was a poor blind man, seated on the trunk of a hollow tree, at the foot of which issued a silver spring; his bald forehead, robbed of its honours by the iron hand of time; his patched wallet, unconscious of the bounties of Ceres; his hickory staff on which he rested his debilitated arm; his body, that seemed fainting under the pressure of extreme hunger; his sightless eyes, and tremulous voice; altogether struck me with a kind of reverential horror.—I looked once more upon the object which had so rivetted my amazement, and thought that providence had deserted one of her weakest children:—The

limpid stream, that bubbled at his feet, murmured hoarsely in unison with the language of distress, as if sensible of his accumulated sorrow.

I got off my horse—"I pray you inform me, my poor old man, have you no one to conduct you to a roof, where plenty might gather joy, by wiping the tear of misery from your furrowed cheek?"—"No one," answered he, feebly raising his snow-white head.—He pronounced these last words in a tone which made me think for a moment, that humanity had abandoned the world.—"What! not one, my old friend?"—"Alas! Sir, my wife and children have all deserted me;—I am poor, old, and blind, yet I must forgive them; but my daughter, O my daughter!" repeated he, with a deep sigh that seemed to escape from the inmost recesses of his heart.—"Are you speaking of a favourite child, my old man?"—"Ah! good Sir, she is more than a child, she is my *friend*!—It was she, whom of all my children, I neglected when the rays of prosperity gladdened my younger days; and now, when I am fallen into the vale of years, and laden with horror, she is the only one who will administer comfort to my miseries!"—"When did she leave you?"—"Yesterday, Sir, for the first time."—"You have not surely been unhappy from your youth! you could not have arrived at so advanced an age, if the visitations of sorrow had been continual."—"The poor man sighed, and gave me his history in a few words.—"I had laboured forty years to amass a few hundred dollars by the sweat of my brow, which I suddenly lost, by the person becoming a bankrupt in whose hands I had entrusted my little capital; the pressure of a misfortune so serious and unexpected, was infinitely too powerful to be resisted by so weak a philosopher as me;—even the force of Christianity failed to alleviate the sting of woe. For these ten years past my being has been comfortless (said the poor old man, pointing to the place where his eyes once were); for these ten years past I have been praying for my dissolution: many miserable wretches, who were doomed to wander through the darksome caverns of affliction, have hope at least to strengthen them upon their journey; but my expectations of mortal bliss are over."—

"You must not loose sight of hope, my good old man; it is possible you may yet be happy."—"Happy!—ah! dear Sir, circumstanced as I am, even to expect such an event were presumption."—"You are not certain, my poor friend, but assistance may be near you in the moment of complaining."—"Assistance! I entreat, Sir, mock not my misfortunes; can the power of kings give me a ray of light?"—This answer struck me so forcibly, that I immediately turned towards the sun, and could not help uttering a silent prayer of gratitude to the Deity, that I was in possession of so invaluable a gift. He remained silent for a moment, resting his hands upon his staff, and bending his palsied head towards the earth, which seemed, in the melancholy state of my understanding at that period, to call him to her bosom; then issuing a woe-fraught sigh, continued—"Oh! my daughter! my dear child! but for her goodness I should long since have ceased to exist; when I determined to suppress my being, and die by the slow hand of hunger—the poor child cries—embraces my nerveless knees—calls me her father—her dear her honoured father, in a tone of supplication so persuasive, and so tender, that the influence of desperation yields to the entreaties of an angel;—and yet—she does not return!—Ah! Rosa, wilt thou leave me here to perish without the consolation of a last embrace—without the rapture of bestowing my final blessing on my child?—O, my God! dost thou then abandon me!"—

The awful manner in which he uttered these words chilled the very pulses of my heart.—I lifted my streaming eyes to heaven, and murmured involuntarily—God of nature! is it possible thou can'st have abandoned him!—The poor man thanked me, and I retired laden with anguish.—I had wandered some distance from the miserable man, when I perceived his daughter; I ran to announce the discovery to her father—I would not have exchanged the commission to have been sovereign of the world. His greedy ear drank the intelligence with rapture, and the good old man was cheered once more with a moment of joy. His daughter arrived out of breath—she had been far away, begging charity for her unhappy father; I looked at

the amiable Rosa with unutterable delight ;—I thought her countenance was more than human ;—she uttered the sentiments of filial piety in so graceful a manner, that pity, admiration, and respect, at once usurped the government of my bosom.

I felt a delicious emotion in perceiving, with what undescribable tenderness the poor old man and his daughter embraced each other.—Oh ! Rousseau !—Oh ! Yorick ! if such a scene was to pass near your tombs, would you not burst from the cold monument of death, to celebrate the virtues of the exemplary Rosa !——

“ Is it thee my dearest Rosa ;—is it thee ?” said the aged father, stretching out his withered hands, which seemed to seek the fond object of his regards with sympathetic agency ;—“ where art thou Rosa ? let me press thee to my panting heart ; you tarried so long, that I almost began to think you had forsaken me.”—Rosa instantly kissed the trembling forehead of her parent, and wetted his silver locks with the tears of affection.

“ I knew, my dear child—I well knew, that thou wouldst return ;—come near me, that I may embrace thee once more.”——“ You will never desert this old man again ; but constantly watch by his side, to soften the pangs of affliction.”——“ Ah ! Sir,” replied the lovely girl, “ do you not know.”——“ What, Rosa ?”——“ that he is my father !”——What a sentiment !—could volumes express more !—Ye parents, who boast of educating your children agreeable to the principles of Christianity, bid them read this tale.

EDWIN.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

WHEN Damon was sentenced by Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, to die on a certain day, he prayed permission to retire, in the mean time, to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the ty-

rant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself to confinement in place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king, and all his courtiers, were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs: and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise, to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to a defect, of understanding merely, and, no way, to any virtue, or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.— Having reproached him for the extravagance of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madness, in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as romantic as himself—"My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice, and noble aspect, "I would it were possible, that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him ye winds! prevent th eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours; and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death I have redeemed a life, a thousand times of more consequence, of more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O! leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner, still more affecting, in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to per-

plex than undeceive him. He hesitated. He would have spoken. But he looked down; and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned, and, with a pleasing countenance, thus addressed the assembly. "My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious. You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come: he could not conquer impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow; and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O! could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble—that his truth is unimpeachable—that he will speedily approve it—that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I hasten to prevent his speed.—Executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and "Stop, stop the execution," was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You are safe," he cried; "you are safe, my friend, my beloved! the gods be praised, you are safe! I, now, have nothing but death to suffer: and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches, which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, and almost speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents, "Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your fa-

your!—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.”

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all, with astonishment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths, so incontrovertibly proved by facts. He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. “Live; live, ye incomparable pair!” he exclaimed. “Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue!—Live happy! live renowned! And, O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.”

BROOKE.

MYTHOLOGY.

ONE of the most considerable branches of the belles-lettres is MYTHOLOGY, which is well known to consist of the wildest reveries and inconsistencies; sometimes indeed deduced from facts, without date, order, or connection: and in certain instances, these very facts are variously represented and frequently repeated. This promiscuous assemblage of truth and fiction would long since have been universally exploded, had it not been for the *absolute* necessity of making it a preparatory study for the elucidation of the ancient writers; to point out the beauties of poetry, painting, and statuary; as well as for a right understanding of numberless expressions, such as a Muse, a Grace, a Hebe, &c. words which present us with poetic images, and can never be comprehended, but by a general acquaintance with the FABULOUS GODS AND HEROES OF ANTIQUITY.

The first arrangement then will consist of the TWELVE GREAT CELESTIAL DEITIES.

1. JUPITER.

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God:
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

THE Carthagenians called this divinity *Ammon*; the Babylonians *Belus*; the Egyptians *Serapis*; the Athenians the *Olympian Jupiter*; and the Romans the *Capitoline Jupiter*. Besides these, almost every other nation, and even city, had its respective Jupiter, and particular name.—Varro enumerates no less than three hundred. Virgil styles him the Father of the Gods and King of Men.

The ancient poets make him the son of Saturn and Ops, brought up on mount Ida in Crete; who, in process of time, married his sister Juno, and dethroned his father.

Mythologists suppose that Jupiter was really King of Crete, and contemporary with the patriarch Abraham: that he deposed his father Saturn, and divided his paternal inheritance with his brothers Neptune and Pluto. And because the eastern part was governed by him, the western by Pluto, and the maritime parts by Neptune;—hence Paganism represented Jupiter the first of Gods, Pluto of the infernal regions, and Neptune of the sea.

But the thinking part of the heathens believed that *there was but ONE GREAT BEING, who made, preserved, and allured all things*. When they considered him as influencing human affairs in various manners, they gave him as many different names; and from this source 'tis presumed they derived all their immense catalogue of nominal divinities. When HE thundered, they called him Jupiter; when he calmed the seas, Neptune; when he guided their councils, Minerva; and when he gave them strength in battle, Mars.

The Capitoline Jupiter is seated in a curule chair in his chief temple; in his right hand he grasps his fulmen, and in his left he holds his sceptre, as supreme arbiter of earth and heaven.

2. NEPTUNE.

At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
 Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod;
 The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god.

THIS deity is fabled to be also the son of Saturn and Ops, and god of the seas. He married Amphitrite, became famous for his amours, and was with Apollo thrust out of heaven for having conspired against his brother Jupiter. On a medal of Adrian, Neptune is standing with his trident in his right hand, holding a dolphin in his left; his foot against part of a ship, implying that he presided over the inland seas, particularly the Mediterranean. The poets have likewise represented him as passing over the calm surface of the waters in his chariot, drawn by sea-horses.

—————Where'er he guides
 His finny couriers, and in triumph rides,
 The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.

3. J U N O.

But I, who walk in awful state above,
 The majesty of heav'n, the sister-wife of Jove.

Juno is styled the Queen of Heaven, being the wife and sister of the immortal Jove. Her progeny were Vulcan, Mars, and Hebe. The Argivi called her Argiva; the priests Calendaris; Curis, from her spear; Cingula, from the girdle worn by brides; and Jaga, as goddess of marriage. She was also addressed under the names of Lucina, Moneta, Regina, &c.

The Stoics believe that Juno is meant the air; and her being called Jupiter's wife, because the air being naturally cold, is warmed by Jupiter or fire. The Juno Matrōna, or Romana, was the favourite one among the Romans; she is seen in statues and on gems, in a long robe, covering her from head to foot, through a principle of decency.

4. CERES.

First Ceres taught the ground with grain to sow,
 And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough.
 Ceres first tam'd us with her gentle laws,
 From her kind hand the world subsistence draws.

CERES, daughter of Saturn and Ops, and Goddess of Agriculture, is said to be so very beautiful, as to be seduced even by her brothers Jupiter and Neptune; by the former she had *Proserpine*, and by the latter *Arion*. Poets and artists represent her crowned with corn or poppies, and her robes falling to the feet. The sacrifices instituted to her honour were principally the *Eleusinia*, so called because they were first celebrated at Eleusis.

5. MINERVA.

High in the midst the blue-ey'd virgin flies,
 From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes:
 The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
 Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
 Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
 Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.

MINERVA, daughter of Jupiter, and Goddess of Wisdom, Arts, and War. Her principal names were *Pallas*, from having slain a giant of that name; *Athena*, motherless; *Parthenos*, a virgin; and *Musica*, as inventress of the pipe. The poets feigned that Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter, intimating that the wit and ingenuity of man did not invent the useful sciences, but were derived from the inexhaustible fountain of divine goodness and wisdom.

Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva were deemed guardians of the Roman people, and are often represented together on their gems and medals.—The eagle accompanies Jupiter, a peacock Juno, and an owl Minerva. Poets speak of her as very beautiful, but describe her as more terrible, and dealing out her thunders as well as Juno—hence 'tis probable that all three were considered by the Romans as one and the same deity, under different names and particular attributes.

6. VULCAN.

High-eminent above the works divine,
 Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine;
 There the lame architect the goddess found,
 Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round;
 While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew,
 And, puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.

VULCAN, son of Jupiter and Juno, is called the God of Fire; but at his birth, being a hideous lump of deformity, he was hurled from the highest heavens to the earth. This deity married Venus, and forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter: He is however portrayed by some of the poets as a mere mortal blacksmith, with the addition of his being a cripple.

7. MARS.

The god of battles in his angry mood,
 Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
 Let loose the reins, and scours along the field:
 Before the wind his fiery couriers fly;
 Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky:
 Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair,
 Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car,
 Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

MARS, the son of Juno, and God of War. He passionately loved Venus, and was detected in his amours with that goddess by her husband Vulcan. His principal names were Mavors, Ares, Gravidus, and Quirinus. He is always represented with the attributes, a spear and a helmet; his chariot drawn by *Fear* and *Terror*.—sometimes *Discord* goes before, *Clamour* and *Anger* closely following.

[To be continued.]

STORY OF AMELIA WOODLY.

I AM determined,' said I, 'to go forward this evening.'

'But the roads are so bad, and night will be here, before you are aware,' said the landlord.

It was to no purpose. All his rhetoric was thrown away upon me, so that notwithstanding my friend's house was twelve miles distant from the inn, and the greatest part of the way lay along a bye-road, on which it would be impossible, whatever were the urgency of the occasion, to make much expedition; I persisted in my determination, and mounted my horse about 4 o'clock, in the afternoon of a cloudy day in the month of February.

Having not seen the friend whom I was going to visit, for a long time, my attention was so absorbed in anticipating the joyful meeting which I expected, that upon recovering from my reverie and looking about me towards the approach of night, I began to suspect that I had by some means or other lost my way. I determined however to press forward at all events, in hopes of meeting with some cottage where I might procure the necessary information. I therefore spurred my horse, and went on—but no human habitation was in view.

In the mean time the shades of evening deepened around me, and some black clouds which were gathering in the west, seemed to portend an approaching storm. I began now to repent that I had not taken my landlord's advice; but it was too late to reflect upon that alternative; and I concluded that it was impossible that I could ride much farther in this part of the country, without meeting with some cottage or other.

The wind now began to whistle amongst the leafless branches. The sound was cold and cheerless. I buttoned my great-coat round me, and listened to the sighing of the blast. A few scattered drops soon began to fall, which were shortly succeeded by a heavy rain.

Uncertain whither the track which I was pursuing would lead me, I kept forward with doubt and hesitation, 'till at the termination of a long miry lane, I suddenly found myself upon an open space skirted with trees. The dim twinkling of two or three lights marked the situation of as many cottages which were scattered about it.

At this light I felt my spirits revive, however indifferent the accommodations might be, which the inhabitants of this little spot might have it in their power to offer me; yet the coarsest fare and the hardest bed were comparative luxuries, to the probability of being, during the whole night, exposed to the fury of the tempest. I crossed the green and rode up to the nearest light which presented itself—I soon arrived at a neat little cottage, the whiteness of which rendered it visible even amidst the darkness of the night. A little court surrounded with a white paling, prevented me from riding up to the door; I dismounted, and opened the gate. The noise which I made aroused a dog, who came barking towards me; and at the same moment, the door of the house opened, and a man, plainly but genteelly dressed, appeared at it with a candle in his hand. I explained to him my situation as briefly as I could, which he listened to with an air of kindness and benevolence—and after informing me that the nearest inn was above three miles farther, and assuring me that he was rejoiced at my having found out his little habitation, insisted upon my being his guest for that night.

He led me into a neat little parlour, enlivened by a cheerful fire, where he desired me to rest 'till he could procure me some dry clothes; an accommodation of which I stood greatly in need, as my own were completely drenched by the rain. I was soon equipped, and began to listen with complacency, to the blast that was howling around our little habitation, and to the dashing of the rain against the casement. These circumstances added to the enjoyment of a little room cheerfully lighted up, and effectually secured from the damp chill of the atmosphere, by a blazing wood-fire.

After an interval of a few minutes, the stranger asked my name; I readily informed him of it, and was not a little delighted to find that he was intimately acquainted with that friend whom it had been my intention to visit. From the circumstance of this mutual acquaintance, reserve was soon banished from our intercourse, and in return he informed me that his name was Woodyly.

"My family," said he, "is small—I have a niece who lives with me, and whose society constitutes the chief enjoyment of my life; she is at present engaged in some little domestic arrangements, which the unexpected arrival of our guest renders necessary. Were she not my relation, I should say that she is one of the most amiable of human beings. Although we have no neighbour with whom we associate, nearer to us than your friend, whose residence is at the distance of six miles; yet I never feel my hours hang heavy upon my hands, for I am employed in adding to her improvements, and contemplating her progress in them. I had once a daughter who promised to be like her, but she is gone." He stopt; the subject seemed to oppress him; after a little struggle with his feelings, he resumed his composure and rose up, saying that he would look after his niece and introduce her.

Whilst he was absent, I employed myself in examining the furniture of the apartment. Had I not been in a manner prepared for it, by the urbanity of my host, I should have been surprized at the elegant style in which it was fitted up. A piano forte stood in one corner of the room, with a flute and several music books near it, and a small book-case was filled with a collection of the best authors. I had just time to read the titles of about a dozen of them, when he returned, introducing a young lady, whose beauty and elegance of form were eminently striking. She paid her compliments to me with an air of natural politeness, which charmed, and a *naïveté* which interested me, and we had a most agreeable and animated conversation, which lasted till supper-time.—The part which she bore in it, evinced strong powers of mind, but at the same time, discovered the most perfect simplicity, and ignorance of the world. To her youthful imagination, every thing ap-

peared in the gayest colours, and unconscious of evil herself, she suspected it not in others. What a pity that society should be so imperfectly constituted that an intercourse with it, soon dissipates this pleasing illusion.

The innocent playfulness of her temper, formed an agreeable contrast to the gravity of her uncle, in whose countenance, I sometimes observed an interesting expression of melancholy, for which I felt an emotion of veneration, mingled with a desire of knowing its cause, but I reflected, that I had no claim upon his confidence, from so short an acquaintance.

After supper, at my solicitation, Amelia sat down to her piano forte, and played several tunes, in some of which her uncle, who was an excellent performer upon the flute, accompanied her. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet, and she sung some pathetic Scotch airs, with so much tenderness and feeling, that I perceived the tears roll unconsciously down my cheek; and when I shortly after retired to the apartment which was provided for me, I could not but contemplate this as the abode of peace and harmony.

The next day the rain was incessant, so that I was obliged to protract my stay, a circumstance, which in such an agreeable situation, I felt no disposition to regret.—I was this day more and more delighted with my worthy host, and his amiable niece. The day was agreeably diversified with reading, conversation and music, and I was sorry when the lateness of the hour obliged us to separate for the night.

On the following morning, the sun rose with unusual splendour, and revived the drooping aspect of nature; I had then an opportunity of beholding the beautiful situation of the cottage. One window of my chamber, commanded a prospect over a rich vale, to the Bristol Channel, which was about a mile distant. Beyond it, the bold outline of the Welsh Mountains, bounded the view in a manner most truly picturesque. The opposite one, which was shaded by a woodbine, whose beautiful tendrils crept along the grass, commanded a view much more limited, as it comprehended only a small extent of country, enlivened with a few scattered cottages, whose poor appearance set

off to advantage, the neatness of my friend's little mansion.

At parting with my new acquaintances, I was not backward in expressing the pleasure and satisfaction which I had derived from my visit; and received a most urgent invitation to repeat it, which I promised to do, the first time that my business would permit me to revisit that part of the country.

After I had reached my friend Belford's habitation, and the first salutations were over, I informed him of my adventure, and requested him to acquaint me with all the particulars he knew, relative to the amiable family whom I had just quitted; he complied in nearly the following terms.

"George Woodly is one of the most benevolent and amiable of men: He has resided in that secluded situation in which you saw him, for nearly ten years; and has rendered himself universally beloved by the mildness of his manners, and the goodness of his heart. He married early in life a most amiable woman, whom he had the misfortune to lose at the time when she presented him with the first pledge of their mutual affection: which to a mind ardent and enthusiastic as his, was a source of deep and almost insuperable affliction. But his attention was roused from a melancholy brooding over his sorrows, by the attention which he thought himself bound to pay to the little infant, whose birth had cost her unfortunate mother so dear. Her affection and infantine endearments seemed to repay every care, and she exhibited specimens of early capacity, when a violent fever which raged in the town where he lived, removed this object of his parental care, when she had just attained her ninth year. This stroke overwhelmed him—he retired hither and for a long time studiously secluded himself from society, and indulged in the luxury of silent melancholy, an indulgence which might have had the most unfortunate effect upon his mind, had not the care of an orphan child devolved upon him by the death of an elder brother. This event obliged him to exert himself, as the arrangement of his brother's affairs was attended with some difficulty. Deeply impress with the importance of

the charge entrusted to him, he brought the youthful orphan home with him, where he has ever since, treated her with all the fondness of a most affectionate parent. Her society and attention, amply repay his tenderness, and though owing to the enthusiasm of his character, his melancholy has now become habitual, and is too deeply rooted to be removed, it no longer forms a disagreeable trait in his character, but gives it an amiable, and interesting finish.

"Of Amelia I shall say nothing, for you have seen her. —The simplicity and openness of her character disclose her heart to you at once, and its emotions are too pure to need the gloss of deception.

"The only cares, which now seem to agitate the bosom of Woodly, proceed from his solicitude to see this amiable girl, comfortably settled in life. I have often suggested to him, the little chance that there is of such an event, if he persists in such an absolute seclusion from the world, and represented the danger of a heart so simple being attracted by an object, unworthy of such a treasure. This picture alarmed him, but the effort of quitting his retirement, was too great for him. He shrinks from society. He seems in a great degree to have lost his relish for it, and though with me he is always open and unreserved, and sometimes even cheerful, yet I see that he would consider a return to the haunts of men, as so severe a punishment, that I have for some time ceased to urge him upon the subject."

This account interested me still more for my new friends; and before I left Somersetshire, I rode over and paid them a morning visit. After spending about a week with my friend Belford, various avocations oblig'd me to return to the Metropolis, and shortly after to visit the Continent; so that it was upwards of eighteen months before I visited that part of England again.

[To be continued.]

OINA - MORUL:

A POEM, from MACPHERSON'S *Translation of the POEMS of*
OSSIAN, Son of FINGAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

After an address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, Ossian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuarfed, an island of Scandinavia. Mal-orchol, king of Fuarfed, being hard pressed in war, by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-dronlo, (who had demanded, in vain, the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage) Fingal sent Ossian to his aid. Ossian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him prisoner. Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-morul to Ossian; but he, discovering her passion for Ton-thormod, generously surrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

AS flies the unconstant sun, over Lormon's grassy hill;
 so pass the tales of old, along my soul, by night. When
 harps are removed to their place; when harps are hung
 in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes
 his soul. It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll
 before me, with all their deeds. I seize the tales as they
 pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream
 is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from
 Lutha of the strings, Lutha of many strings, not silent
 are thy streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina
 move upon the harp. Light of the shadowy thoughts,
 that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets,
 wilt thou not hear the song! We call back, maid of Lutha,
 the years that have rolled away.

It was in the days of the king*, while yet my locks
 were young, that I marked Con-cathlin†, on high, from

* Fingal.

† Con-cathlin, *wild beam of the wave*. What star was so
 called of old is not easily ascertained. Some now distin-

ocean's nightly wave. My course was towards the isle of Fuarfed, woody dweller of seas. Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuarfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met, at the feast.

In Col-coiled, I bound my sails, and sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He saw and loved my daughter white-bosomed Oina-morul. He fought; I denied the maid; for our fathers had been foes. He came, with battle, to Fuarfed. My people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?"

I come not, I said, to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves, the warrior descended, on thy woody isle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise; and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though distant is our land.

Son of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda, when he speaks, from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at my feast; but they all have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds, but no white sails were seen. But

guish the pole-star by that name. A song, which is still in repute, among the sea-faring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this passage of Ossian. The author commends the knowledge of Ossian in sea affairs, a merit, which, perhaps, few of us moderns will allow him, or any in the age in which he lived. One thing is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way through the dangerous and tempestuous seas of Scandinavia; which is more, perhaps, than the more polished nations, subsisting in those times, dared to venture. In estimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the ancients, we ought not to bring it into comparison with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident, than any merit of ours.

steel* resounds in my hall; and not the joyful shells.
Come to my dwelling, race of heroes; dark-skirted night
is near. Hear the voice of songs, from the maid of Fuar d
wild.

He went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-
morul. She waked her own sad tale, from every trea-
bling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks
was the daughter of many isles. Her eyes were like two
stars, looking forward through a rushing shower. The
mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams.
With morning we rushed to battle, to Tormul's resound-
ing stream: the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's
bolly shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I
met the chief of Sar-dronlo. Wide flew his broken steel.
I seized the king in fight. I gave his hand, bound fast
with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose
at the feast of Fuarfed, for the foe had failed. Ton-thor-
mod turned his face away from Oina-morul of isles.

Son of Fingal, begun Mal-orchol, not forgot shalt thou
pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship. Oina-
morul of slow rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness,

* There is a severe satire couched in this expression,
against the guests of Mal-orchol. Had his feast been still
spread, had joy continued in his hall, his former parasites
would not have failed to resort to him. But as the time
of festivity was past, their attendance also ceased. The
sentiments of a certain old bard are agreeable to this ob-
servation. He, poetically, compares a great man to a fire
kindled in a desert place. "Those that pay court to him,
says he, are rolling large around him, like the smoke
about the fire. This smoke gives the fire a great appear-
ance at a distance, but it is but an empty vapour itself, and
varying its form at every breeze. When the trunk, which
fed the fire, is consumed, the smoke departs on all the
winds. So the flatterers forsake their chief, when his pow-
er declines." I have chosen to give a paraphrase, rather
than a translation, of this passage, as the original is verbose
and frothy, notwithstanding of the sentimental merit of
the author. He was one of the less ancient bards, and
their compositions are not nervous enough to bear a literal
translation.

along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move
in Selma, through the dwelling of kings.

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half closed
in sleep. Soft music came to mine ear: it was like the
rising breeze, that whirls, at first, the thistle's beard; then
flies, dark-shadowy, over the grass. It was the maid of
Fuarfed wild: she raised the nightly song; for she knew
that my soul was a stream, that flowed at pleasant sounds.

Who looks, she said, from his rock, on ocean's closing
mist? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wander-
ing on the blast. Stately are his steps in grief. The tears
are in his eyes. His manly breast is heaving over his burst-
ing soul. Retire, I am distant far; a wanderer in lands
unknown. Though the race of kings are around me, yet
my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-
thormod love of maids!

Soft voice of the streamy isle, why dost thou mourn by
night; the race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in soul.
Thou shalt not wander, by streams unknown, blue eyed
Oina-morul. Within this bosom is a voice; it comes not
to other ears; it bids Ossian hear the hapless in the hour of
woe. Retire, soft singer by night; Ton-thormod shall not
mourn on his rock.

With morning I looked the king. I gave the long-haired
maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midst of his
echoing halls. "King of Fuarfed wild, why should Ton-
thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame
in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim
ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their arms of mist to
the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors, it
was the cloud of other years."

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were
young: though loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed
the daughter of many isles. We call back, maid of Lutha,
the years that have rolled away!

ASEM AND SALNED.

AN EASTERN TALE.

A YOUNG merchant of Basra had one day the pleasure to see a lady, whose shape and motion were uncommonly elegant, enter his warehouse and cheapen some stuffs; he was yet more charmed with her voice and manner, and he engaged her in conversation with the greater facility as his person was also agreeable to her; for the same reason she was the more impatient to display her reserve of beauty, and, lifting up her veil a little, under pretence of heat, she completed her conquest. The merchant, who was a bachelor, found means to gratify and conceal his curiosity, and without the unpoliteness of a direct question, he learnt that she was a citizen's daughter, that her fortune was not large, and that she was unmarried: he therefore declared his passion with the less diffidence, as it was encouraged by the superiority of his wealth, and increased by the hopes of success. He told her he should think himself the most happy of mankind if she would permit him to ask her of her father in marriage, and the better to convince her of the sincerity of his declaration, and dispose her to favour his suit, he threw himself upon his knees. The lady then quite withdrew her veil, and discovered all the beauties of her face, that were now heightened by the glow which the merchant's attitude and proposition had diffused over them, telling him that before he engaged further in an affair of so great moment, it was fit he should have a more perfect knowledge of her person: look at me, says she, consider well what kind of a companion you are about to chuse for life, and if my appearance does not alter your purpose, I shall not think myself less interested than you in the success of your application to my father. The merchant was now transported with joy, and expressed the utmost impatience to obtain the happiness which he had leave to solicit. In this disposition they parted, and, as he did not delay the negotiation of the affair, it was in

a few days concluded in his favour. The father of Salsed, which was the name of the lady, consented with joy to a match that was so advantageous to his daughter, and the nuptials were celebrated as soon as the necessary preparations could be made. It happened that in the sports of the wedding day, Salsed got a slight fall, but the mirth of the company was interrupted only by the first fright, which was dissipated in a moment, as the bride did not appear to have received any hurt. The new married couple being at length left alone, the bridegroom, whose name was Asen, renewed his protestations of eternal love, adding, his felicity was so perfect, that it left room in his breast for no wish but that of its continuance. Salsed returned his caresses with equal tenderness, and expressed the same sense of her felicity. It was you, said she, that first touched my bosom with desire; till I saw you I regarded all men not only with indifference but contempt, and proudly resolved never to exchange liberty for dependance, or to derive my happiness from another; but you have inspired me with new sentiments, and I would rather be the slave of Asen than the mistress of the world. At these words her voice faltered, and she was seized with the most violent sensations of pain. Asen started from his bed and called his domestics, and the convulsions of Salsed still increasing, she was, in a short time, delivered of a child, whose birth had been precipitated by her fall. Asen remained some time motionless and silent, and Salsed fainted away, but recovered before his astonishment and grief gave way to indignation.—Perfidious woman, said he, with what deceitful blandishments hast thou abused my ear, and with what hateful objects hast thou blasted my sight! Thy soul deserves not the tenderness which thy form inspired, and the love that thy beauty produced is turned into hatred by thy falsehood. I who lately gazed upon thee with transport, have now no means of happiness but to see thee no more. Salsed burst into tears, and, in a voice that was every moment interrupted by involuntary expressions of pain and sorrow, my dear husband, said she, if I may still dare to call you by that tender name, your reproaches, though they are not unreasonable, are yet unmerited. I

am indeed a mother, but I know not by what means. If I deceive you, may you hate me for ever, or if I am still suspected, as there is reason for suspicion, punish the imaginary fault of a guiltless wife, and I will die content, as I can neither complain of you nor reproach myself. Hope not, replied Alem, again to deceive me by this show of innocence, the credulity even of love cannot be abused with impossibilities, and I ought to wash out the stain of my honour with thy blood; but I abandon thee to life, a revenge, which though it is more slow, is perhaps more sure, since the consciousness of guilt is a perpetual scourge, and the remembrance of felicity imbibers despair. Has heaven then, said Salmed, wrought a mericle only to make me wretched? Alem disdained reply, and immediately divorcing his wife, he sent her back to her father, who would no more own her for his child; and the unhappy beauty, enfeebled by pain and distracted with grief departed from the city without knowing whither to go, or by what means to subsist: her mind was filled with the contemplation of her own calamity, and she continued to wander without either fear or design, till she was stopped by weariness; and at the close of day she sought shelter in the corner of a wood, where sitting down to pass the night, the horrors of her situation rushed still more forcibly upon her mind; but her attention was suddenly diverted by some sighs and complaints which were uttered at a small distance; and being too wretched to be timorous, she hastened towards the place from whence the voice seemed to proceed, and soon discovered a young woman much wounded, who appeared to be bleeding to death. She ran to her and asked eagerly by what misfortune she had been brought into that place and condition. I am dying, said Garaldi, for that was the name of the lady, by the hands of the only man I have ever loved, and for whom my heart still overflows with tenderness, though my life is ebbing away from the wounds which he has given me; he is justified, and yet I am innocent. These words revived in Salmed's bosom the keen sense of her own misfortunes, which again melted her into tears, and Garaldi becoming weaker and weaker, at length fainted and fell backwards.

Salned was again roused by this accident, she raised Garaldi from the ground, and tearing some of her linnen, stopped the bleeding of her wounds. In this distress she looked eagerly round her, though she despaired of the assistance which she sought, and perceiving a glimmering light not far off, she drew, as well as she could, the unhappy Garaldi towards it, and came at length to the hut of a Santon, whom she found so abstracted by meditation from external objects, that he did not hear her approach, nor take the least notice even when she entered his hut. Salned therefore went to him, and having roused him from his reverie, impatiently demanded his assistance for the lady whom she still sustained in her arms. The Santon regarded this sudden and unexpected opportunity of exercising his charity as the effect of his prayer; he recovered Garaldi with some essences, he examined her wounds, which appeared not to be dangerous, and dressed them with some balsam of wonderful virtue, which he had prepared with his own hands, and with which he had been used to assist the faithful. He then made ready a bed of rushes for the ladies, and setting before them some dates and other fruits, apologized for the simplicity of the repast, which, he said, he hoped they would accept as the good will of poverty; and then he withdrew, telling them he should be at hand, and desired that they would call him if he should be wanted. The ladies were most sensibly touched at the unaffected charity, and decent carriage of the good old man, and after a slight repast they went to rest. In the morning the Santon found that the wounds of his patient were almost healed, and expressed his curiosity to know from what causes so extraordinary a visit had proceeded; Salned first related her adventures, at which he expressed the utmost astonishment, but was so polite as not to drop the least intimation that he doubted of her innocence. My adventure, said Garaldi, is not less extraordinary, and it would be injurious in me not to believe Salned innocent, since it is my misfortune to appear equally guilty without having any cause to reproach myself. The person who gave me these wounds yesterday in the wood is a lord of the city of Basra, who, about ten

years ago received me into his family. Both my parents died when I was no more than six years old, and left me exposed to every species of distress, nor did any offer me assistance or protection, till Carim, the lord whom I before mentioned, having seen me by accident, and being pleased with my looks and touched at my distress, would not leave me to the uncertain bounty of the public, or the temptations of misery. He took me to his house, educated me as his daughter, and was charmed with my improvement. My beauty and my wit became every day more conspicuous; Carim seemed to derive greater pleasure from my company, and my gratitude increased in proportion to his love; he called me his daughter, and I caressed him as my father. But when I was about ten years old his tenderness assumed a different appearance; he now called me his dear Garaldi, and without being taught, I called him my dear Carim. Love was suffered to take possession of our hearts without resistance, and at length he declared his intention to make me his wife.

[To be continued.]

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF HOMER.

THIS wonderful genius, this father of genuine poetry, has ennobled human nature, and claims the first place in the Temple of Fame. He flourished about 900 years before the christian æra.

To the eternal honour of this great bard, temples have been raised; and yet, strange to tell, this prince of poets passed the greatest part of his life as a fugitive, neglected and unknown.

Among the vast diversity of opinions concerning Homer, the most probable is, that he was a native of Smyrna. Phemius, struck with the rising talents of our juvenile poet, took upon him the charge of his education: The scholar soon surpassed his master; Smyrna admir'd his genius, and his fame drew strangers to this city to hear him recite his compositions.

A captain in the sea service, called *Mentes*, was intimately acquainted with our poet, and prevailed on him to travel with him into foreign countries. With this friend he made the tour of Asia, Egypt and Greece, treasuring up the immense acquisitions of learning he had gleaned from the sages, the maxims of the priests at Delphos, the sublime writings of *Linus*, *Orpheus*, *Museus*, &c. for nothing escaped the penetration of this great observer of men and things. His understanding became enlarged by his unwearied researches in politics, morality and religion: and from this great source his sentiments were refined, and his imagination enriched by contemplating such an infinity of objects.

His sight began to fail him during his residence at *Ithaca*, while he was employed in composing his *Odyssæy*; nevertheless his passion for travelling induced him to accompany *Mentes* in farther researches, which unhappily were soon interrupted by a total loss of sight. It is easy to imagine the great affliction he necessarily suffered upon a misfortune of that nature.

Thestorides, taking an advantage of our poet's poverty, offered him an asylum, on conditions of his communicating to him his writings; *Homer* accepts the generous offer, and accordingly took up his abode with this supposed friend. *Thestorides* no sooner obtained possession of such a treasure, than he fled to *Chios*, where he opened a public school, and recited the poems of *Homer* as his own performances.

This great man, after a series of misfortunes and disappointments, found at last some repose at *Chios*, where he put to shame and confusion his perfidious plagiarist, who was peaceably enjoying the fruits of the glory he had so clandestinely usurped. The inhabitants of this city were so struck with these immortal poems, that they generously assigned their author a sufficient pension to make the rest of his days comfortable and happy.

Lycurgus, that celebrated legislator, was the first who introduced the works of *Homer* into Greece; which were then in detached pieces, and intitled *Rhapsodies*. *Pysistras*

tus collected these rhapsodies together, and divided the Iliad and Odyssey, each into 24 books. Solon ordained as a law, that the poems of Homer should be sung at all public solemnities, and that children should be taught to recite them from memory. Copies were soon after dispersed over Greece, and Athens had the glory of handing them down to posterity. Well may the enraptur'd modern sing,

—How sweet the numbers swell,
While Homer waves his soul-enchancing wand
Entranc'd the listening passions stand,
Charm'd with the magic of his shell.
Whether to arms his trump resounds,
The heart with martial ardour bounds;
Or sprightly themes his hand employ,
Instant we catch the spreading joy;
Or when in notes majestic, soft, and slow,
He bids the solemn streams of sorrow flow,
Amaz'd we hear the sadly pleasing strain,
While tender anguish steals thro' every vein.

Father of Verse, whose eagle flight
Fatigues the gazer's aching sight,
And strains th' aspiring mind;
Teach me thy wonderous heights to view,
With trembling wings thy steps pursue,
And leave the lessening world behind.

Homer among the Grecians acquired the glorious appellation—THE FATHER OF WISDOM AND VIRTUE. Horace tells us this great master instructed mankind in their duties much better than the philosophers.

SELECT POETRY.

INKLE AND YARICO.

MERCATOR* tempted by the happy times,
 Quits his own shore for Oriental climes,
 With choicest goods his wealthy vessel lades,
 And leaves for India's, Britain's cooler shades.
 But as, enraptur'd with indulgent gales,
 That kiss'd each wave, and swell'd the curling sails;
 The vessel drove, a sudden burst of rain
 Impetuous ruffled the Cerulean plain;
 Conflicting winds descend with rapid flight,
 And, whirl'd in hurricane, tumultuous fight.
 Surges on surges, waves on waves arise,
 That proudly foam, and blot the azure skies;
 The cordage rattles, and with sails declin'd,
 The ship bewilder'd drives before the wind;
 Till weaken'd with th' extremes of Ocean's pow'r,
 At last she bulg'd against the Indian shore.
 When from an ambush, lo! encircling round,
 A cloud of Indians thicken'd on the ground,
 And with barbaric rage, the crew they tore,
 Eat of their flesh, and quaff'd the streaming gore—
 All but MERCATOR;—him, lo! flight unseen
 Now saves from death, and from the tragic scene;
 With tim'rous haste amid the woods he flies,
 (Fear in his heart, and horror in his eyes)
 Till spent with weariness, himself he laid
 Beneath a waving elm's embracing shade,
 Where a long range of thick'ning forests grows,
 And twining boughs a cooling shade compose;

* The writer, for poetical reasons, has altered the names to MERCATOR and BARSINA.

Their pleasing charms his restless thoughts controul,
Soothe his tumultuous breast, and tune his soul.

But lo! ere gentle sleep had lent her aid,
Forth from a thicket rush'd an Indian maid,*
Whom the hot sun-beams tempted out to rove
Thro' the thick mazes of this shady grove.
Alluring beauty and persuasive grace
Beam'd in her eye, and brighten'd in her face;
Her jetty tresses flowing hung behind,
And wildly wanton'd in each breeze of wind.

Refulgent jewels plac'd with artless care,
And shining bugles glitter'd on her hair,
Whose beams reflect the sun's meridian ray,
And add new splendor to the blaze of day.

At once they saw, with wonder and surprise,
Communal passion darting in their eyes,
While from each bosom sympathetic sighs,
And mutual heavings, mutual tears arise;
The undistinguish'd forms of speech imparts
A tort'ring anguish to each longing heart,
The pow'rs of language too deficient prove
To shew the thrilling ecstasy of love;
But souls like theirs, mysteriously wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought.

She led **MERCATOR** to a friendly shade,
A cooling grotto elegantly made,
Where sweet Sabæan odours fragrant bloom,
There smells diffusing round a rich perfume;
Where hyacinthus, and the purple rose,
A downy bed of various sweets compose.
She plac'd him there, and gave a choice repast,
Substantial food, delicious to the taste;
And in a curious shell with speed she brings
Transparent water from the limpid springs.—
Oft when the moon, in trembling streams of light,
A paler day shed o'er the gloom of night;
And when with gentle sighs the ev'ning breeze
Remurmur'd softly thro' the whisp'ring trees,

* See Vignette.

Pleas'd she would lead him thro' the shady scenes
 Of Cassia groves and everlasting greens,
 Too anxious lest each gale of breezy air,
 Should hurt her love, or discompose his hair;
 Or, while he slept, wou'd tune the melting song,
 Or modulate the music of her tongue.—

Thus for some months,—

Once, as they walk'd in a sequester'd grove,
 And am'rous told the pleasing tale of love,
 The Indian maid began, and with a sigh,
 That fetch'd a pearly tear into her eye,
 Thus spoke (for to express herself she'd found
 In English accents and distinguish'd sound)

' Still as I view these ever-pleasing bow'rs,
 ' Once the dear scenes of thy BARSINA's hours,
 ' Corroding thoughts and sad reflections rise,
 ' And all the parent triumphs in my eyes.—
 ' MERCATOR! oh, the thought disturbs my rest,
 ' And spreads its thrilling horrors in my breast.
 ' Once as I slept beside yon soft cascade,
 ' While Cynthia's pearly beams around me play'd,
 ' Sudden appear'd a visionary fair,
 ' Whose radiant lustre brighten'd all the air;
 ' A virgin's vest the blooming phantom wore,
 ' And in her hand a verdant thyrsus bore;
 ' Then wav'd it thrice, and spoke, Unhappy Fair,
 ' And vanish'd from my sight in fluid air.
 ' O say, my love, what means this phantom guest?
 ' And why these horrors in my tortur'd breast?

She said, and ceas'd; her lucid eye-balls pour
 In chrysal streams the soft distilling show'r,
 The salient blood its sprightly course disdains,
 And curdling freezes in her icy veins;
 Confusion on her falling spirits hung,
 And half-form'd accents flutter'd on her tongue,
 Rous'd from this fainting fit, MERCATOR prest
 The weeping beauty to his am'rous breast,
 And fought by balmy words to calm her fears,
 And stem the swelling torrent of her tears;

' Thus my BARSINA, as I view (he said)
 ' Unrival'd beauties in my lovely maid,
 ' Alas! thy sorrows doubly touch my heart,
 ' With equal grief and sympathizing smart;
 ' Each chrystal tear, with agonizing pains,
 ' Runs thro' my soul, and thrills along my veins.
 ' Heav'n's! shall a nothing an ideal shade,
 ' Whose poor existence is by fancy made
 ' Diffuse its horrors through thy tender breast,
 ' Taint ev'ry thought and discompose thy rest?
 ' Why wast thou born with such a coward mind,
 ' The sport of shadows, or a gale of wind?
 ' Forlake these barb'rous coasts, these savage plains,
 ' Where tyranny and superstition reigns:
 ' This arm shall guard BARSINA from the foe,
 ' Repel each storm, and intercept each blow;
 ' Thou, loveliest of thy sex, in me shall find
 ' A tender parent, and a lover kind,
 ' And in my country, gloriously array'd,
 ' Shall shine in crimson, or more rich brocade;
 ' And thy sweet charms with elegance express
 ' All the grand gay variety of dress.'

These silken words an easy entrance find,
 And charm the poor deluded Indian's mind;
 Frequent she climbs a lofty mountain's brow,
 Her far-stretch'd eye-balls skim the deeps below;
 At length an English ship, by tempests tost,
 For shelter makes th' inhospitable coast;
 The Indian sees, and rising joys impart
 A thrilling pleasure to her longing heart;
 With eager haste, borne on the zephyrs' wings,
 The joyful tidings to MARCATOR brings:
 They both ascend the ship—the azure sea
 Wafts them spontaneous on the chrystal way;
 The vessel drives, with soft refreshing gales,
 And soon Barbadoes greets the swelling sails.
 No more BARSINA's beauties now can move,
 But av'rice triumphs o'er the ties of love;
 The wretch, by that destructive passion sway'd,
 To slav'ry sold the hospitable maid.

She heard—and fell reluctant on his breast,
 Embrac'd the wretch, and with fond joys carest—
 Then strove to speak—in vain the accents rise,
 Her fault'ring breath evaporates in sighs;
 Nature oppress'd grew weak—the swoons—around
 A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound—
 An heart of adamant wou'd melt in woe,
 And barren rocks in copious torrents flow;
 Marble wou'd weep, and sympathetic sighs
 Force the pearl dew-drops from Barbarian eyes;
 But *he*, relentless, sails before the wind,
 And expeditious makes the port assign'd.

FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

TO M———.

*Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
 Charms strike the sense, but merit wins the soul.*

POPE.

UNVARNISH'D truths I would impart,
 Nor please by flattery's falsome art.
 The tear that glistens in the eye,
 The tender sympathetic sigh,
 Display the feelings of a mind,
 Possess'd of sentiment refin'd.
 The loveliest ornaments of youth
 Are filial duty, goodness, truth:
 These far outshine the brilliant's rays,
 And merit most exalted praise;
 Let vain coquets on form depend,
 Be dupes to every seeming friend,
 When beauty's transient reign is o'er,
 Nor fops admire nor fools adore:
 But sense and temper still can charm,
 And wrinkled age of pow'r disarm:

So shines M——, gen'rous maid,
 Upon whose cheek the roses fade;
 Who, if her parent feel a pain,
 Affection throbs in ev'ry vein,
 Silent becomes the favourite lyre,
 Nor prose, nor song a joy inspire:
 Thy virtues claim the rapt'rous lay;
 To thee, will genius homage pay,
 E'en at the palid stroke of death,
 Will thee applaud with fault'ring breath.

S. G.

 SONNET TO THE LADIES.

WOMAN, thou sweet urbanity, to guile
 Life's tedious course away—I love thy smile;
 Thy brow soft animated, sweet to please,
 Thy full-bright-eye, as vestal fire chaste,
 Thy cheek like Hebe's bloom, and litting waist,
 With native movement, elegance and ease.
 Of these, the fair, from nature genuine boast,
 Whose charms replete with wonder strikes the host,
 Yet when she meets my gaze, to sigh I'm prone,
 That peerless beauty, in a Paphian form,
 Like summer rose, is tribute to the worm,
 Short boast that once inimitably shone.
 But truth predominating points the need
 All here is short, whilst endless scenes succeed.

 HEALTH.

COME, rosy Health, fair daughter of the morn,
 Thy peaceful blessings shed;
 O come and cheer yon drooping wretch forlorn,
 Reclin'd on yonder bed!

With thy whole train of heav'nly joys descend,
To comfort his sad breast;
Of his dread pain to make an happy end,
And set his heart at rest.

When pain, disturber of the human frame,
Attacks most potent kings,
What is their mighty honour but a name,
What all their costly things?

E'en to the beggar, if thou deign'st, fair Health,
Thy blessings to impart,
Tho' he's possess'd of neither fame nor wealth,
What joy is in his heart!

BEAUTY TRIUMPHANT.

IN THE MANNER OF TIBULLUS.

YES, oft in pleasure have I pass'd the day
Near Avon's stream, or in the neighb'ring plains,
In looking at the artless lambkins play,
Or reading Pope's or Prior's easy strains.

In careless indolence I liv'd secure,
And look'd with pity on the wretch in LOVE:
Laugh'd at his darts, derided Cupid's pow'r,
And thought no nymph my stubborn heart could move.

Till Mira came, possess'd of every grace,
And ev'ry virtue that adorns the mind;
So sweet her mien, so heav'nly was her face,
I thought her one exceeding human kind!

But when she strook, ah then, my heart was lost!
Then was my soul with sweet compassion mov'd;
I listen'd to her voice, with rapture lost,
I gaz'd! admir'd! and found at last I LOV'D.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN PRODUCTIONS RE-PUBLISHED.

MR. REID, No. 106, Water-street, has completed the publication of "Winterbotham's Geography of America," in 4 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Gomez, No. 97, Maiden-Lane, has completed his edition of "Cook's Voyages," 4 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Allen, No. 186, Pearl-street, has issued proposals for publishing "Jones' English System of Book-keeping, by single or double entry."

Mr. Fellows, No. 60, Wall-street, has lately published, "The Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance," by Thomas Paine, price 25 cents.—"Voltaire's Philosophic Dictionary," price 1 dol.—He has in the press, the "History of the Progress of the Human Mind," by Condorcet; and, "Memoirs of James Lackington."

Messrs. Dayckinck and Co. No. 110, Pearl-street, have just published, "Bennet's Letters to a Young Lady," price 75 cents.—"Voyages and Travels of Captain Robert Boyle," price 75 cents.—He has in the press, that valuable and much celebrated Treatise on Solitude, written by M. Zimmerman.

Mr. Tiebout, No. 358, Pearl-street, has in the press, "Night Thoughts," by Dr. Young.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS RE-PUBLISHED.

Messrs. Ming & Co. No. 86, Front-street, have issued proposals for re-publishing the American edition of the Encyclopædia.

Mr. Davis, No. 438, Pearl-street, has in the press, for the Author, "Cain's Lamentations over Abel."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Davis has likewise in the press, for the Author, "Martell's Elements," containing "Essays on Education; Introduction to the French Language," &c. Dedicated to Miss Theodosia Burr.

Proposals are issued for "The Generation of Light," by R. Cotton, author of "Cain's Lamentations over Abel."